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MR. MACLAREN is one of the few Dissenting ministers in Manchester who is not the slave of his congregation. When he first emerged from Scotland, his tendency to be a bigot must have been as natural to him as is the tendency of an Oxford graduate, when he emerges from Oxford, to be High. But he was chosen to preside over a congregation mainly composed of two different sects; and the avoidance of purely doctrinal subjects, which this accident involved, has, no doubt, largely helped to make him the liberal thinker he is. Dogma has very much the same effect upon the mind as strong spirituous stimulants have upon the body. At first it seems to fortify it; but in time the mind has so completely forgotten how to think for itself that, like the body with its unexercised functions, it is unfitted for the reception of new and extended views.

Mr. Maclaren's normal attitude in the pulpit is an attitude of severity. It is not the severity of a moralist—towards others. It is the severity of an ascetic—towards himself. His face is bright, with the cold and glittering intensity of ice; and when he surprises himself with an apt expression or a happy turn of thought, his smile, like a polar sun, sheds a cold warmth over his sharp features. His mannerisms will be painful in proportion to the hearer's sensibility to Scotchiness. There may be people to whom "the Churruch and the wurruld" sounds as pleasing as "the Church and the world;" we do not know. Otherwise, his enunciation is remarkably distinct, and is assisted by expressive gestures, which sometimes reminds us of Robert Browning's lines :—

> The better, the uncouther
> Do roses stick like burrs.

Mr. Maclaren's sentences stick more like burrs than roses. His voice is harsh, and untuned to such a degree that the attention, which he never fails to command, is in itself a triumph of the mind. His words do not flow evenly, like water from a fountain; they obey, with an exquisite sympathy, the impulses of his mind. In descriptive passages his voice is subdued, almost into sweetness. But every now and then it is impeded and choked by a confluence of thought, and then it chafes and foams out with the turbulence of a cataract. In such moments it is impossible to look at him, with his uplifted hand, his small, pinched face, his lank hair, and his soft, wild eyes seeing into eternity, without feeling that, under favourable circumstances, he would have developed into a glorious bigot. These moments of intensity are not the self-conscious displays of a preacher who feels it his duty to denounce in the pulpit sins accredited in the world. They are the genuine struggles of a mind which frets at the inadequacy of words. Mr. Maclaren never goes into raptures over other people's sins. He gives you Christianity without the brimstone. Even in the pulpit, he stands with one foot on the Bible, and one foot on the world. The conventional preacher—the Tradesunionist in sanctity—takes a text out of the Bible as he would take a jewel out of a casket. He holds it up to the congregation, and twists it in his taper fingers, and makes it shine in different lights. At the end of his sermon he seems to lock it up again, and, on the following Sunday, he exhibits another text in the same way. Not so Mr. Maclaren. He fingers his texts as he would finger current coin, and, mingling it with his own wealth, he scatters it abroad amongst his people, like a princely almoner.

Although he is undoubtedly a fervent preacher, his fervour is intellectual rather than emotional. He does not, like F. W. Robertson, tear his heart out in his sermons. Rather he sets his mind on fire with his heart until he tortures it into exquisite martyrdoms of thought. To us who both toil and spin during the week, and are only too willing on Sunday to be neutral, and even receptive, Mr. Maclaren gives the idea of a man who has been working in a deep mine all the week and now comes to the surface and shows us the rich treasures he has found. In the Church of England, where the sermon is read from a neat manuscript, the beautiful liturgy is by far the most impressive portion of the service. But the reverse is the case in Dissenting Chapels, and Mr. Maclaren's forms no exception. In his prayers he is cold, deliberate, and common-place. He repeats himself frequently, and gives no evidence whatever of the spontaneity and the range of expression which he really possesses. But, as soon as he opens the Bible to commence the sermon, he seems to brighten up and become filled with a new energy, and a sense of air and space and power which he did not feel before.

It would, perhaps, be too obvious to remark that the mere zeal and goodness of a preacher do not exempt his sermons from criticism. At the same time we do not forget that there are some essential qualities in a sermon which do not come under the province of ordinary literary criticism, and which may escape the critic's acumen. The ear hears what it brings with it the power to hear; and a man may be an excellent judge of the current literature of the day and yet be at a loss to account for that element in certain sermons which gives them such evident power over the congregation. We remember sauntering into a London church, with a polished young sceptic, while a sermon was being preached, in which a soul of considerable depth and intensity was striving, through the speech that "half reveals and half conceals," to beat its music out. A sympathetic instinct might have discerned the ring of the true metal. But our youthful critic found nothing remarkable about the man, but his singular habit of thumping his desk with both fists. If the same young man had listened to St. Paul as he pleaded with the passionate tenderness that stirred the pulses of the dying Roman world, he would, probably, have remarked he was deficient in humour, or that

> His manners had not that repose
> Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

A friend of ours asserts that those sermons are the best which make you say "I will." Estimated by this test, it must be admitted that Mr. Maclaren's fall short of attainable perfection. His sermons do not abound in reiterated appeals. He probably deems that those decisions are the best which are the verdict of a gradually enlightened conscience and the results of deliberate reasoning, in which heart and intellect both take part. When the human clock is duly wound up, the hour of action will strike without the application of arbitrary force to the hands. Mr. Maclaren only attempts, once a week, to wind up the motives of his hearers to an ideal point of resistance, leaving them to run out by themselves in the intervals. His style is marked by deep thoughtfulness, keen logical power, and a remarkable nicety and discrimination in the choice of language. As each sentence falls upon the ear, you feel that the alteration of a single word would mar the whole. In Charles Lamb's humorous description of a Scotchman, he says :—"He has no falterings of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, semi-consciousness, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions,

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UNION CHAPEL, OXFORD ROAD.

MR. MACLAREN is one of the few Dissenting ministers in Manchester who is not the slave of his congregation. When he first emerged from Scotland, his tendency to be a bigot must have been as natural to him as is the tendency of an Oxford graduate, when he emerges from Oxford, to be High. But he was chosen to preside over a congregation mainly composed of two different sects; and the avoidance of purely doctrinal subjects, which this accident involved, has, no doubt, largely helped to make him the liberal thinker he is. Dogma has very much the same effect upon the mind as strong spirituous stimulants have upon the body. At first it seems to fortify it; but in time the mind has so completely forgotten how to think for itself that, like the body with its unexercised functions, it is unfitted for the reception of new and extended views.

Mr. Maclaren's normal attitude in the pulpit is an attitude of severity. It is not the severity of a moralist—towards others. It is the severity of an ascetic—towards himself. His face is bright, with the cold and glittering intensity of ice; and when he surprises himself with an apt expression or a happy turn of thought, his smile, like a polar sun, sheds a cold warmth over his sharp features. His mannerisms will be painful in proportion to the hearer's sensibility to Scotchiness. There may be people to whom "the Churruch and the wurruld" sounds as pleasing as "the Church and the world;" we do not know. Otherwise, his enunciation is remarkably distinct, and is assisted by expressive gestures, which sometimes reminds us of Robert Browning's lines :—

> The better, the uncouther
> Do roses stick like burrs.

Mr. Maclaren's sentences stick more like burrs than roses. His voice is harsh, and untuned to such a degree that the attention, which he never fails to command, is in itself a triumph of the mind. His words do not flow evenly, like water from a fountain; they obey, with an exquisite sympathy, the impulses of his mind. In descriptive passages his voice is subdued, almost into sweetness. But every now and then it is impeded and choked by a confluence of thought, and then it chafes and foams out with the turbulence of a cataract. In such moments it is impossible to look at him, with his uplifted hand, his small, pinched face, his lank hair, and his soft, wild eyes seeing into eternity, without feeling that, under favourable circumstances, he would have developed into a glorious bigot. These moments of intensity are not the self-conscious displays of a preacher who feels it his duty to denounce in the pulpit sins accredited in the world. They are the genuine struggles of a mind which frets at the inadequacy of words. Mr. Maclaren never goes into raptures over other people's sins. He gives you Christianity without the brimstone. Even in the pulpit, he stands with one foot on the Bible, and one foot on the world. The conventional preacher—the Tradesunionist in sanctity—takes a text out of the Bible as he would take a jewel out of a casket. He holds it up to the congregation, and twists it in his taper fingers, and makes it shine in different lights. At the end of his sermon he seems to lock it up again, and, on the following Sunday, he exhibits another text in the same way. Not so Mr. Maclaren. He fingers his texts as he would finger current coin, and, mingling it with his own wealth, he scatters it abroad amongst his people, like a princely almoner.

Although he is undoubtedly a fervent preacher, his fervour is intellectual rather than emotional. He does not, like F. W. Robertson, tear his heart out in his sermons. Rather he sets his mind on fire with his heart until he tortures it into exquisite martyrdoms of thought. To us who both toil and spin during the week, and are only too willing on Sunday to be neutral, and even receptive, Mr. Maclaren gives the idea of a man who has been working in a deep mine all the week and now comes to the surface and shows us the rich treasures he has found. In the Church of England, where the sermon is read from a neat manuscript, the beautiful liturgy is by far the most impressive portion of the service. But the reverse is the case in Dissenting Chapels, and Mr. Maclaren's forms no exception. In his prayers he is cold, deliberate, and common-place. He repeats himself frequently, and gives no evidence whatever of the spontaneity and the range of expression which he really possesses. But, as soon as he opens the Bible to commence the sermon, he seems to brighten up and become filled with a new energy, and a sense of air and space and power which he did not feel before.

It would, perhaps, be too obvious to remark that the mere zeal and goodness of a preacher do not exempt his sermons from criticism. At the same time we do not forget that there are some essential qualities in a sermon which do not come under the province of ordinary literary criticism, and which may escape the critic's acumen. The ear hears what it brings with it the power to hear; and a man may be an excellent judge of the current literature of the day and yet be at a loss to account for that element in certain sermons which gives them such evident power over the congregation. We remember sauntering into a London church, with a polished young sceptic, while a sermon was being preached, in which a soul of considerable depth and intensity was striving, through the speech that "half reveals and half conceals," to beat its music out. A sympathetic instinct might have discerned the ring of the true metal. But our youthful critic found nothing remarkable about the man, but his singular habit of thumping his desk with both fists. If the same young man had listened to St. Paul as he pleaded with the passionate tenderness that stirred the pulses of the dying Roman world, he would, probably, have remarked he was deficient in humour, or that

> His manners had not that repose
> Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

A friend of ours asserts that those sermons are the best which make you say "I will." Estimated by this test, it must be admitted that Mr. Maclaren's fall short of attainable perfection. His sermons do not abound in reiterated appeals. He probably deems that those decisions are the best which are the verdict of a gradually enlightened conscience and the results of deliberate reasoning, in which heart and intellect both take part. When the human clock is duly wound up, the hour of action will strike without the application of arbitrary force to the hands. Mr. Maclaren only attempts, once a week, to wind up the motives of his hearers to an ideal point of resistance, leaving them to run out by themselves in the intervals. His style is marked by deep thoughtfulness, keen logical power, and a remarkable nicety and discrimination in the choice of language. As each sentence falls upon the ear, you feel that the alteration of a single word would mar the whole. In Charles Lamb's humorous description of a Scotchman, he says :—"He has no falterings of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, semi-consciousness, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions,

have no place in his brain or vocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox?—he has no doubts. Is he infidel?—he has none either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path." Now, Mr. Maclaren reminds us of this by pleasing contrast. He loves those side-views of truth, those unexpected openings in the paths of thought which bring you suddenly in prospect of a new scene, though it may be only the old familiar landscape seen at a different angle.

From such of his sermons as we have heard, we conclude that he abjures, for the most part, the arbitrary division of a subject under heads. This is a common resource of minds deficient in the logical faculty. It may help the memory of both preacher and hearer, just like any other artificial system of mnemonics, but it usually betrays a want of natural sequence in the ideas, besides imposing unwelcome shackles upon the free development of a theme. We do not think under heads when we think our best.

Mr. Maclaren reaches the emotions through the mind. And, perhaps, to a cultivated English audience this is, after all, the surest method of appeal. Never are the finer springs of feeling more delicately moved than when the insinuating touch is laid upon the imagination—than when the offerings of the mind are burnt upon the altar of the heart. Mr. Maclaren will always be listened to with respect, if he does not always induce conviction. We may not believe all that he teaches, but we can never doubt that he believes it himself. And this assurance which he inspires, of being in terrible earnest, is one of the finest weapons a preacher can carry. We have not heard him a sufficient number of times to give an outline of his doctrine; but a certain mysticism must enter into the mind of a man who illustrates the meaning of the words heaven and hell by pointing, in turns, to the roof and to the floor of his chapel.

"CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS."

EVERYONE who has any knowledge of the inner management of a journal is well aware that the editor is the key-stone of the adventure. The reading public looks, perhaps, more to contributors; but it must have a sense of the vital importance of a good editor, or it would never be worth the while of publishers to pay the sums they do, to be able to parade taking names before the reading world as editors or conductors of their weekly or monthly little luminaries. It being an almost invariable law that the quality of the journal will be in an exact ratio to the quality of its editor, one would have imagined that the *ne plus ultra* and very perfection of excellence must be found in a magazine "Conducted by Charles Dickens." When a journal of light literature is "conducted" by the Leotard or Blondin of the light-literary arena, surely it must be perfect, after its kind. So thought the world, and so thought the present writer, when, some twenty years ago, *Household Words* appeared, "Conducted by Charles Dickens." How that journal became immediately popular, and the entire reading community smacked its lips weekly over eight and forty columns of Dickens, I well remember. But when, after weeks and months, one found that "Conducted by Charles Dickens" simply meant that every article was skinned and boned, and then stuffed with Dickens force-meat, conveyed from the Dickensian cruet-stand, and served up hot, with *sauce à la Boz*, or cold *salad à la C.D.*, and occasionally *réchauffé* in a stew-pan, previously rubbed with a piece of genuine Pickwickian garlic, one grew as sick of this monotonous, though piquant diet, as the unfortanate Miss Saurin with her perpetual mutton. Despite the occasional introduction of a genuine *pièce de résistance* from Wilkie Collins or Mr. Gaskell, I could not stand it, and took my light-literary repasts at another restaurateur's.

That, by the explosion of a very silly scandal, *Household Words* suddenly became *All the Year Round*, I was aware, and that it was still "Conducted by Charles Dickens," the advertisements assured me. Until the other day, I imagined that our great novelist was still engaged in flavouring his little weekly dishes in the ordinary way. At Christmas, however, a "New Series" commenced, and, shortly afterward, some individual drawing, as I now see, a most natural inference, announced publicly that the eminentissimist Novelist had ceased to conduct it. This brought down upon his devoted head the indignant denial of Mr. Dickens. He cease to conduct it! More baseless lie never was concocted by malevolent mendacity! *All the Year Round was* "Conducted by Charles Dickens"—*is* conducted him—and *is to be* conducted by him in *sæcula sæculorum. Amen.*

Curious to see if the editorial cuisine still served up its hashes *à la Boz*, as formerly, I bought a number at a Railway Bookstall, the other day, and found that the old system was abolished, and that "Conducted by Charles Dickens" now means, that all manner of contributors are permitted to serve up their various dishes without flavouring, or even inspection; and that the "conducting" consists in the great *Chef* occasionally placing on the table plate-washings of his former self, which remind you of the glorious Charles Dickens of ancient days about as much as a tumbler of water drunk out of an unwashed glass reminds one of whiskey. How the number I purchased had been "Conducted by Charles Dickens," the following two little samples will show.

A series of articles are appearing entitled "As the Crow Flies," and consist of the supposed flight of a bird from London to Somerset, with appropriate odds and ends of biographic, topographic, and historic notes by the way. Mr. Dickens may be responsible for the Crow. "Crow does not alight here"—"Crow now sights such a spire"—"Like a black flake crow falls on this this place,"—recurring a hundred times in tedious iteration are such little Dickens touches as might have occurred to his mind during the intervals of sea-sickness in his late Atlantic voyage. But what are we to think of this?—

"The puritans lost nearly two thousand men, slain or prisoners, and Waller fled to Bristol, &c. That defeat was the cause of great heart-burnings between Waller and Essex: Waller thinking himself betrayed and deserted by Essex—Essex reproaching *the poet* with unsoldierly neglect, &c., &c."

Here is exemplified the danger of the Hepworth-Dixon-Dickens style of composition. Had the "Crow" used his quill in a plain, straightforward manner, and written—"Waller, thinking himself betrayed by Essex, and Essex reproaching Waller," he had been safe. But as that wouldn't have done in a journal "conducted by Charles Dickens," the luckless bird proclaims to the world that he does not know that Sir *William* Waller, Parliamentarian General, and *Edmund* Waller, the poet, were two very distinct individualities in those days. But the "Crow" flies farther and fares worse. Croaking about Monmouth's rebellion, and his entry into Taunton, he says:—

"Within twenty-four hours he had set a price on the head of *his hook-nosed uncle*, and forbidden people to pay the *usurper's taxes.*"

In the name of all conceivable bemuddlements what is this? James was King, was not hook-nosed, and never was called so, and though Monmouth may have called him "an usurper," no one else would dream of speaking of him as "the usurper." But William of Orange was hook-nosed; hook-nosed Nassau was always called so by his enemies, and was an usurper in the strictest sense, only he was not Monmouth's uncle and he

didn't usurp the throne till years after Monmouth's death.

Here, again, plain English would have saved the crow, but love of playing at the picturesque has made him a crow to pluck. This is how *All the Year Round* is "conducted by Charles Dickens." The very printer's devil of the *Sphinx* would have fainted under such "copy."

SHILLING ART UNIONS.

TWO AND-TWENTY years ago, when the legalization of Art Unions was first urged upon the legislature, Sir Robert Peel gave it as his opinion that they were wrong in principle, and said, "he had always found that any deviation from a principle was certain to be followed by unexpected and bad results." Nevertheless, the Art Union Act (9 & 10 Vic. c. 48) was passed, and, for the last ten years, the foolish and ignorant portions of the community have been paying the penalty of unwise legislation. Doubtless, the highly honourable gentlemen who originated and managed the Art Union of London were actuated by the most praiseworthy motives. They thought—and reasonably—that a society working on their principles would be of great advantage to artists, and tend to disseminate a taste for Art throughout the country. But, as is now fully proven, whatever the use of the Art Union of London may have been, it is quite useless now. It and the Art Union of Glasgow are the only two that are founded on a Royal charter; all the others have been legalized under conditions that are remarkably easy of evasion. Latterly, however, it seems to have been hinted to the Government that, under the shelter of the Board of Trade, or, in phraseology that seems to be preferred, under the sanction of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, things have for some time been, and are now being done, that will scarcely bear the light of day. A select committee was therefore appointed to take evidence on the management of Art Unions generally, and now we have it all before us in their published report. Certainly, the revelations are startling. We had always instinctively felt that, in these Shilling Art Unions, something was wrong; but never suspected them of being so bad as, according to evidence, they are. For, according to the report of the select committee, it appears that many of them are now under the management of doubtful characters—to say the least of them—who are able to snap their fingers at the law, and daily ride, if not in a coach-and-six, at least in cabs, through the Act of Parliament.

Of Shilling Art Unions we have no personal knowledge beyond the class of pictures they offer as prizes, many of which we have seen, but never yet saw one to which, were it even offered us for nothing, we would give houseroom. All that we know of their origin and mode of working is derived from the "Report from the Select Committee on Art Union Law, together with the Minutes of Evidence, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 7th June, 1866.—Price 1s." From which we gather that:—It is quite easy for any one to establish a Shilling Art Union. For instance, suppose that either Tom, Dick, or Harry happens to have been moulded by Nature with brass enough in his face, cunning enough in his heart, and with fingers that have an insatiable itching to make their way into other people's pockets—by lawful means—and fancies that, for himself, it might be a good thing to start a Shilling Art Union, all that he needs to do is to write out a proposal, in the usual cut-and-dried fashion, get six of his acquaintances to sign it, and hand it in to the Board of Trade. The Board doesn't know, and doesn't care to know, anything of Tom or Dick, Bill or Jem, the promoter of the undertaking. The Board makes no inquiries as to Jem's antecedents; it doesn't so much as ask whether he has brought a written character from the clergyman of his parish with him; doesn't even request him to produce his ticket-of-leave. So long as he has got six names down on his proposal—which, as no inquiries are made as to their respectability, are of course easily got—many a man will gladly lend his name for a pot of beer—it is all right. The Board dismisses him with the promise to take the thing into what it calls its consideration—which probably means no more than putting the proposal into some pigeon-hole in the office—and resumes its perusal of the morning's news. Our promoter goes home chuckling and rubbing his hands, and immediately begins building whole rows of cottages for weekly tenants, and a big house for himself—in the air. But ere long, being essentially a practical man, he tires of that and yearns for the smell of mortar. So he writes to the Board, "How about that proposal?" Whereupon the Board invites him to come and sign some conditions—that are never put in force, or expected to be complied with—that done, it recommends the thing to a committee of the Privy Council, which gives its sanction; the game is begun; Jem hugs himself, rubs his stomach, and feels that his fortune is made. The Report doesn't give us the steps by which our promoter builds up his gigantic fly-trap until he commands an enormous yearly sale of tickets; but so much is told that the rest is easily conceived. A prospectus is readily got up, and as he can put the Royal Arms atop, if he likes, surrounded by the announcement that his undertaking is under the sanction of Her Majesty's Privy council, of course there can be no doubt of its respectability. A few hundreds, or thousands, of tickets are printed for little money. Let a high per centage be offered for the sale of them; "only a shilling apiece, won't you bite?" Money soon comes rolling in. Ere long our promoter can afford to buy some glaring daub of an oil painting; can stick it in his window as one of the prizes, "Tickets one shilling each! sold here," and so on; the thing is easy enough. So easy that, at first, one is surprised there are not more of them; that the country doesn't swarm with Shilling Art Unions as it does with photographic studios. On mature consideration, however, one concludes that the cause of their fewness is probably owing to the necessity there is of getting the sanction of My Lords and the Privy Council. The ordinary run of rogues, of course, naturally wish to give all officialities as wide a berth as possible. It is only honest men, and the most consummate rogues, that dare ask the sanction of My Lords to any undertaking, and it is not easy to see how an honest man could possibly make a living out of a Shilling Art Union.

None of the witnesses said a good word for any of the Shilling Art Unions, and two were expressly named as being in very bad odour. Generally speaking, they are private speculations, got up under the mask of a Committee of Management, which it nowhere but on paper. The expenses of working them are very heavy—50 per cent. at least. A large commission is paid to keepers of branch post-offices, tobacconists, publicans, and such like, for the sale of tickets. The cost of advertising is also a serious item; newspapers having to be bribed that way to insert puffs, which are generally written by the –secretary, as he cunningly calls himself, but in reality the—proprietor. The business is conducted in a very loose way, "extremely loose; and there cannot be anything looser," says one witness. The country agents are, in many instances, not known to the proprietor; he sends his tickets—they cost him next to nothing, mere slips of printed paper—in bundles to them, saying, "sell these if you can, your commission is so much"—perhaps 30 per cent.—"return me the balance." Lots of them are sold and never accounted for, so the simple persons who bought them are robbed of their money, for of course the corresponding numbers are not put into the lottery wheel. As one half of the money subscribed goes in expenses, it follows that every purchaser of a shilling ticket has only a sixpenny chance. Besides, it is only inferior pictures that are bought out of exhibitions for Shilling Art Unions; and only about half the catalogue price is offered for them, which the artist is only too glad to take, as he thereby "gets rid of his rubbish"—but 30 per cent. is reckoned the average discount off the catalogue price; and as the pictures are disposed of as prizes at the catalogue prices; and as no account has ever been given of difference—the inference, of course, being that it goes into the proprietor's pocket—it follows that the sixpenny chance is reduced to fourpence, so that every subscriber of a shilling is cheated out of eightpence. Well might a member of the Select Committee say that Shilling Art Unions are, "at best, a regular robbery of the public." To give a look of conscientiousness and scrupulous honesty to these undertakings, lists of unclaimed prizes are advertised from time to time, but it was hinted that the tickets marked with the corresponding numbers had never been sold. There is, therefore, not much likelihood of any one turning up to claim any of them. "Hundreds of tickets might be excluded from the wheel and the holders never know."

The Select Committee, in its report, says:—"While the influence of Art Unions in improving the public taste appears to have been very slight, the moral effect of some of them has been proved by the concurrent testimony of many witnesses to be very bad. * * * They cannot, in the nature of things, cultivate a truly good style of art. * * The expenses of Shilling Art Unions generally swallow up at least 50

per cent. of their revenues. * * * The Liverpool Shilling Art Union was found to engender so much evil, that the artists of Liverpool entirely withdrew from it. Like all other Shilling Art Unions, it was a mere lottery, worked by the secretary for his own profit. Mr. James Pelham, of Liverpool, gave ample details of the fraudulent working of the Liverpool Art Union. He mentioned this one as an example from which the character of other Shilling Art Unions might be learnt. * * As the expenses are so great, it follows that the public pay twice as much for their shares as those shares are worth. Every witness concurred in the opinion that great evils result from Shilling Art Unions."

Elsewhere in the report we are told that "the laws relating to Shilling Art Unions are inoperative, and are continually set at defiance; that it is always doubtful whether a ticket obtains even a chance of a prize, for it never can be ascertained whether every ticket has been put into the wheel. On the whole, it appears that the secretary-proprietor has it all his own way, and can cheat as much as he likes. His yearly reports are shams. The auditors of accounts are no auditors,—probably, myths. "No proper rendering of accounts ever has taken place." Curious societies! where the proprietor is himself secretary, the managing body of directors, and auditor of accounts; and the purchasers of his tickets—what are they?

Although the Select Committee appeared to be perfectly convinced that Shilling Art Unions are, generally speaking, gigantic swindles, they were, nevertheless, extremely chary of proposing their suggestions for remedial measures. They seemed to think it would be best to leave them to public opinion. But, surely, a Government is blameable in giving countenance to swindleries of any kind. It is one thing to wink at a thing, and another to give help to it. And, undoubtedly, to allow people to advertise that certain things, which are firmly believed to be frauds upon the public, are under the sanction of the Board of Trade or Privy Council, is giving very material help. It is, probably, on the faith that the Government would not give its sanction to what it knew, or believed, to be wrong, that the poor dupes subscribe their shillings. However, it is not for us to advise Her Majesty's advisers. We look to the Press; and, though ours is not a paper likely to reach the class that supports "mere lotteries, worked by the secretary for his own profit," the *Sphinx* can, and does, recommend editors of newspapers to read the Select Committee's report, and then tell their readers what they think of it, and of Shilling Art Unions.

ADDRESS:—"CHESHIRE."

FOR several consecutive days of last week the following notice appeared in the *Times*:—

On the 28th Aug., 1867, at the late Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel, North-street, Brighton, by the Rev. Samuel Thompson, FREDERICK LOCOCK, third son of Sir Charles Locock, Bart., of 26, Hertford-street, Mayfair, London, and Binstead House, Ryde, Isle of Wight, to MARY BLACKSHAW, of 9, St. James's-place, St. James's, London, and eldest daughter of A. Blackshaw, Esq., of Cheshire. Not announced at the time on account of a recent bereavement.

We have no desire to intrude into the sanctity of private life; but surely, when people thrust their affairs daily in one's face, in a most tantalizingly bewildering form, they become, to a certain extent, public property. Be that as it may, it is not in flesh and blood to be able to read and re-read such an announcement without feeling our curiosity piqued at so odd a notification so oddly worded. It has had a fascinating effect upon myself. All day long, in the intervals of busy employment, my mind has wandered back to this advertisement, and the names of "Locock," "Blackshaw;" "Blackshaw," "Locock," have rung in my head like an absurd parody of the "*Tolle: Lege*" in the ear of St. Augustine. Every day after dinner as I took up my *Times*, do what I would to resist it, by a strange fascination my eye would ramble till it lighted on the well-known announcement. Nor was I alone in this. A lady, a near neighbour of mine, who has the loan of my *Times* in the evening, became equally absorbed in this notification. She was in what may be described as an intensely interesting situation; and when on Sunday last the Little Stranger appeared, it was found to be marked in no less than fourteen different places with the visible impress of "Locock's Pulmonic Wafers." I defy any one with any imagination not to invent an episode in real life to fit this announcement. Every thing is strange about it. The wording,—the place,—the addresses,—the delay in notification. It looks vastly like a *mésalliance*, but on whose side? Did Master Frederick Locock take to sowing a few wild oats and marry the governess or housemaid at 9, St. James's-place, and keep the matter "dark" till the "governor" was "squared?" If so, how was the implacable baronet mollified! Did the fair young wife take advantage of a soft moment, and, flinging herself at his feet, with her back hair down, pour out before him ten thousand new testimonials to the efficacy of the wafers, and so melt him. Or was the boot on the other leg? The pride of the Cheshire squirearchy is proverbial. What to the descendant of a hundred landed J.P.'s, is a titled Bolus or a pill however gilded? On this hypothesis, by what means did the young husband touch the stern bosom of his lady's parent? Did he insinuate himself into his dairies and pastures, and, bringing his father's medical lore to bear on cows, by a species of inverted vaccination, save the old squire's herds from the Cattle Disease, until he shook him by the hand and said, "Take my chee-i d! You are worthy of Cheshire! You are, in-deed, the *Chees-!*" In this case the "recent bereavement" mentioned may be the death of Squire's first cow.

Then mark the wor ling. The "*late* Countess of Huntingdon's chapel." Let us instruct as we go on. There may be contributors to *All the Year Round* who fancy that Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, still sings Watts's hymns in the flesh, instead of reaping the reward of assiduous chapel building in a better sphere. "Not announced at the time on account of a *recent* bereavement." Does this mean that it was not announced in August, 1867, because of a bereavement suffered in the early part of 1869? In which case a spirit of prophesy must hang over the edifice reared by the ultra-good Selina. Then note the extreme exactitude of the title and address of the bridegroom's father, and the vague grandeur of the bride's, a vagueness almost approaching the sublime. It has been said that nobody is anybody who has more than three lines to his address. Sir So-and-so, such a Hall, such a county; Dash, Esquire, such a House, such a town. But what must not A. Blackshaw, Esq., be when two lines merely will find him—"A. Blackshaw, Esq., Cheshire." I remember once seeing the late lamented Member for Stockport entered in a Red Book thus:—

"James Kershaw, Esq., Victoria Park, Lancashire."

And our own dear Bosh ley u ed to figure also at times thus:—

"Thomas Bosh ley, Esq., M.P, Hayesleigh, Lancashire."

But this is low life itself compared with the almost ducal breadth of "A. Blackshaw, Esq., Cheshire."

Only once have I ever encountered any phraseology so "vast and wandering." It occurred at one of our local cricket grounds. A promising young cricketer left for London, and had been away till he had almost gone out of mind. Coming on to the ground during a match, I saw him march up to the wickets. His father stood beside me and I said: "Is'nt that Timothy?" "Yes," he replied; and then watched his son take guard with intense interest. In a second his middle stump was driven almost into long-stop's stomach. "I'm not surprised," whispered the old gentlemen. "He only came from ASIA last night." During the afternoon I heard numerous inquiries made of the young man himself as to where he had been to and he always gave the same reply—"To ASIA." I have always thought competitive examinations for Post Office sorters a piece of humbug, but they will require an intimate acquaintance with the landed gentry if "Cheshire" is to be considered a sufficient address.

However, all's well that ends well, and I take my leave of the happy couple whom, musing over, I have almost grown to feel an interest in, by filling a beaker of Bass—"M. T. Bass, Esq., *Passim;*" that will find *him*—and draining it to the long life, health, and happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Locock.

JOSEPH KNIGHT.

It is very gratifying to us to hear that a modest water-colour drawing, "Breton Peasants returning from a Fair," by our townsman, Mr. Joseph Knight, is attracting considerable attention in London just now. Mr. Knight is considered by his brother artists—always the best judges in such a matter—in Manchester, to be one of our rapidly rising men. That he is clever there can be no doubt, both as a painter of figure subjects and landscape. We were lately favoured with a sight of some sketches, made last autumn in Brittany, of the peasantry of that country; and can confidently say, that since old William Hunt left us, we have seen no work by any man that makes so near an approach to his as these.

ASH WEDNESDAY AT ST. ALBAN'S.

ON the first day of Lent, three services were held at St. Alban's Church, Waterloo Road. In the evening, at eight o'clock, there was a moderate congregation present, about two-thirds of which were composed of women. The service consisted of "Evensong, Commination Service, and Sermon." Save in the reading of the denunciations of sinners from the Book of Deuteronomy in the Commination Service, there was nothing different from what might have occurred on any other evening. Neither in the mode of conducting the service was there anything materially different from what might have taken place in any other church. The seats for the accommodation of worshippers consist of two rows of open moveable benches with backs, placed in the centre of the nave, with kneeling cushions placed before them on the floor. One row of these benches is appropriated exclusively to men and another to women. In case of need there are chairs at hand for increased accommodation.

A short time before service commenced the Rev. Mr. Sedgwick entered the building, which was then dimly lighted by one chandelier, and, dressed in his cassock, he immediately commenced lighting the other suspended lamps throughout the church, in the most business-like manner, using a long torch similar to those handled by the street lamplighters. Mr. Sedgwick seemed quite at home at this sort of thing, but unfortunately his torch went out, and he had to leave an assistant, attired in a long robe, to complete the work. The chancel was brilliantly lighted by upwards of one hundred gas jets, and the warm and glowing colours on and around the altar had a pleasing effect, contrasting with the cold, austere aspect of the body of the church. Except that there was a distant and remote sound of singing by the choir in the vestry for a few seconds, the service began in the usual manner. The opening sentences from Scripture, the Exhortation, and Absolution, were read in a subdued voice by the incumbent, but in such a hurried, rapid, "pattering" manner that we could follow the words with difficulty, and, to the unaccustomed ear, the style sounds flippant and somewhat irreverent. In other respects the service was conducted throughout without ostentation and with due decorum, and the demeanour of the congregation was more devout and attentive than is usual in most churches. The lessons were read by two young probationers, or candidates for holy orders, in something of the sing-song style of reading adopted by a large portion of the Anglican clergy. The prayers and psalms were intoned and chaunted throughout. Mr. Sedgwick has an agreeable, mellow voice, and the Fifty-first Psalm, *Miserere mei Deus*, was chaunted by himself, the choir, and the congregation, in a most impressive manner. There is neither pulpit nor reading-desk in the church, and at the conclusion of prayers, Mr. Sedgwick stepped to the front of the chancel, and without selecting any portion of scripture for his subject, proceeded to deliver a short sermon or address, enlarging upon the duties of his hearers making Lent a season for extraordinary self-examination and meditation. He did not expatiate in any way upon the necessity of fasting. To an experienced and impassioned preacher, speaking from the steps of the chancel, and only slightly elevated above his hearers, instead of from a deep box or pulpit half way up to the roof, is an immense ground of vantage, but to an inexperienced nervous preacher who cannot speak and can barely read, the feeble knees must be severely tried when deprived of the friendly and familiar shelter of the pulpit; the trembling hands and arms must sadly miss the sides to lay hold of, or the energetic fist of an excited Boanerge must lack the cushion and big Bible to thump and buffet. However, genius will have its way under all circumstances, and St. Paul, preaching in the theatre at Athens, or John Knox, half hurling himself from a lofty pulpit, are both fine specimens of religious oratory from a pictorial point of view.

Mr. Sedgwick has not the slightest claims to eloquence, and his sermon was an address of the simplest and most unpretending character. Indeed, if our eyes had been shut, and we had not seen the surrounding accessories, we should almost have supposed, judging from certain phrases, and what we may call prettinesses of expression, that we were listening to a preacher of the evangelical section of the Church of England. He shaves his beard and whiskers entirely off, his figure is tall and good, and, in his long robe, reaching to his feet, he reminded us very much of Mr. Henry Vandenhoff in a Roman toga. At the conclusion of the sermon some of the choristers went round and collected the offertory in small blue bags, after receiving which Mr. Sedgwick deposited them upon the altar, using repeated genuflections. The benediction was then pronounced from the steps of the altar and the congregation dispersed.

THE LECTURES TO LADIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE World,—the male world,—and especially the male married world, says that, as a rule, ladies are more given to lecturing than to being lectured. There is no rule, however, without an exception. We are quite entitled to a full belief in any rule, even though the exception be a notable one. During the present winter, for instance, a number of Manchester ladies have combined to furnish us—incredulous males—with a notable exception to the rule above stated. They have organised, and are now supporting, a series of lectures at the Royal Institution. We duly appreciate their conduct; we grant that the exception is a notable one, indeed; but we believe in the rule as firmly as ever.

How can any male lecturer hope to interest an audience composed of ladies? We have some faint idea of the topics usually discussed in feminine circles. It has been our fate—we beg pardon, our privilege—on more than one occasion to be detained, a willing prisoner, in the drawing-room, while gentle tongues prattled unreservedly around us. The result of our experience is not encouraging. It appears to us that ladies have a world of their own, or, rather, that they regard our common world through a glass of such peculiar focus that no male eye can possibly see through it. Trivial is to them important, and important trivial; interesting is dull, and dull interesting. Well is it for poor humanity that it is so! The hourly, thousand-and-one little incidents of home life—the baking, and cleaning, and nursing, and superintending, which would utterly weary, and well nigh kill the man, constitute woman's peculiar sphere—are to her as important as any business, or science, or art which makes money or wins fame. Who shall venture to say which is the most useful, which the most honourable career—that of any warrior, statesman, artist, writer, poet, sage,—whose life will be chronicled for centuries yet to come,—or that of an ordinary common-place wife and mother, tender and true, whose whole existence is bound up in her husband, her children, and her home, and who discharges a daily round of duties requiring affection, tact, and firmness combined in wonderful proportions, content to spend her life on those she loves, and to be unknown beyond the four walls which bound her world?

It was with such thoughts as these that we took up the "General Syllabus" of the "Lectures to Ladies" to be delivered at the Royal Institution, during the "Second Winter Session." The syllabus, or, to use plain English, the programme, is headed by a long and imposing list of worthies, under whose patronage the lectures are given. The whole affair is respectable beyond all respectability. We observe, with awe unfeigned, the names of Bishop, Dean, Canon Beechy, William Romaine Callender (always everywhere, from hustings to tea-party), and Dr. McKerrow, with divers personages besides—clerical and lay, male and female—whom Manchester delights to honour. But why, may we venture to ask—why is Miss Becker absent from this goodly company? Is it the modesty of true genius which shrinks from the gaze of a rough unsympathising world—except in the presence of revising barristers? Or, more likely supposition, does Miss Becker repudiate, with just disdain, the very idea of ladies requiring to be lectured at all, unless by her own sweet self? Anyhow, her name is conspicuous by its absence.

Passing on to the "syllabus" itself, we find that the ladies have the choice of two sets of lectures: the first, on the "History

of England, from 1815 to 1846;" the second, on the "History of Science." The two series are so arranged as not to clash, and those ladies who are blessed with inordinate appetites may swallow both series, if they like. If they do, and properly digest the same, they must needs possess greater capacity for intellectual food than the generality of mortals, female or male, either. The titles of the various lectures are sufficiently alarming; but when we came to the "books recommended by the lecturer," we hold up our hands, with Dominie Sampson, and cry "Prodigious!" There are two lists of books—one for each series of lectures—and, lest the reader should think our astonishment uncalled for, we copy the second list verbatim, for his or her benefit, premising that the first one is just as long and equally substantial :—

Whewell's History of the Inductive Seiences. Whewell's Astronomy—Bridgewater Treatise. Powell's History of Natural Philosophy—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Milner's Gallery of Nature. Lyell's Principles of Geology. Herschell's Familiar Lectures. Herschell's Astronomy. Brewster's Life of Newton.

N.B.—Mr. Aldis* recommends the Students for his Lectures to observe Nature carefully for themselves. In Astronomy it would be useful if they would note night or morning the position of the moon and planets amongst the stars, so as to learn their courses; and thus, also, in other things, let their science be the explanation of what they have seen, rather than of what they have read.

There! good Paterfamilias, what say you to this? Instead of Mrs. Paterfamilias and the young ladies wasting their precious time over crochet or three-volume novels, or *Le Follet*, or even the cookery-book or buttons, they will be poring over Whewell and Herschell, arranging geological specimens, annotating *Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*. At night, when you come up into the drawing-room, ready for a little chat and a song or two, lo, and behold, the room will be deserted! Mamma will be out on the lawn, according to Mr. Aldis' recommendation, catching rheumatism and viewing the moon. The young ladies, under watchful charge of Messrs. Smith and Jones,—who deserted you, half an hour ago, under some hollow pretext or other,—will be studying astronomy and something else, galoshed, beshawled, and greatly enthusiastic. Whatever will become of us unfortunate males who have no leisure for Whewell, and no taste for catching cold in the moonlight? Fancy being asked by our fair partner, during the intervals of a quadrille, whether we have seen Jupiter lately, or what our pet theory may be concerning the spots in the sun! Well, thank goodness, all feminine fashions soon pass away, and though Saturn, the Moon, and the Great Bear may be the rage for a time, our fair astronomers will come back to old, or invent new, loves before long. Meanwhile, unless they follow Mr. Aldis' suggestion too literally, we don't suppose that star gazing will do them or any body else much harm, nor, we candidly confess, much good either.

Two or three lectures have been already given. We are able to speak of the practical effects of one of them from our own observation. It so happened that, after Mr. Aldis had delivered his second lecture on "The Science of the Ancients," we chanced to meet a young lady who had profited by the occasion. We sat and listened, hoping to obtain some knowledge second-hand. Her first words—at least, the first we caught—were mysterious. "Oh, they all came in carriages, and wore spectacles." These not being customs of the "Ancients," we asked for an explanation. She was talking of the audience. It strikes us forcibly that to obtain a lady's undivided attention, it would be necessary for Mr. Aldis to borrow a hint from one of our prison chapels, and partition off his lecture-room into boxes, each holding one fair occupant, and so constructed that its tenant should be unable to see any of her companions. The young lady in question had taken notes. She had also brought away a programme—we beg pardon, a "Syllabus of the lecture." We looked at this latter and got in a fog. "The Metonic Cycle," "The Sun's Eccentric," "Ptolemy's discovery of the Evection," "The Value of the Epicyclical Theory," these were some of the items. We selected one, haphazard, and inquired "What is an eccentric?" The answer was given readily and with confidence,—"Oh I know. I have got a note about it. Here it is. 'The moon's eccentric is more eccentric than the sun's eccentric.' It's a sort of double circle, you know." We did *not* know, but bowed, and asked a second question:—"And the Evection, what is that?" The note-book was consulted again, and we obtained the astounding information, "The Evection is a combination of the Epicycle and the Eccentric." The young lady read her note calmly, and appeared satisfied with it. So were we. We asked no more questions.

Now, seriously, fair ladies, and you good male folk who take an interest in female education, is this the way to attain your object? We don't want female Newtons or Whewells, and if we did, it would take something more than a few lectures like the above to produce such phenomena. We *do* want, and we want very badly, parents and governesses who know how to train up girls to be good wives, housekeepers, and mothers. We *do* want schools, or colleges if you will, where young ladies may learn something else besides a smattering of French and Italian, a few showy pieces of music, a little drawing (carefully done for them by an obliging master), a scribbly, "ladylike" hand, and a passion for all that is heroic, sentimental, and sensational. We want sensible, well-informed, *womanly* women, content with their own noble sphere, and thoroughly competent to discharge those duties to which God has called them from the days of Adam to the present age of Dr. Mary Walker and Miss Becker. Epicycles and eccentrics may be all very well in their way, but they wont remedy a defective system of education any more than a good dessert will make up for a badly-cooked and scanty dinner—at least we think not.

* We recognise with much pleasure the Senior Wrangler for the year 1861.

CONCERNING MERCHANT PRINCES.

WHEN the first Napoleon twitted us with being a nation of shopkeepers, he lost sight of the fact that all national power in these times is based upon the accumulation of material wealth. The nation of shopkeepers has become a nation of merchant princes, and France has learnt how much of her greatness in the future will depend upon the development of her trade; and has also discovered the fact that a treaty of commerce is more important than a treaty of peace. So, in this respect, as in others,

The old order changeth, giving place to new.

Mars has become the servant of Plutus; the sword is no longer the chief instrument of national greatness; the modern prince arms his retainers with the pen and the peaceful cloth-yard shaft. Wealth is the synonym of power; the days of chivalry are past, and "the lords of many lands" are being elbowed from their seats by the lords of cotton.

Shoddys's King, and Vivat Rex!
Tread a measure on the stones.

Rome is eclipsed by Manchester; the little Roman military station, in the hands of merchants and manufacturers, has become one of the great cities of the world. Mr. Ruskin may say *cui bono?* and tell us that there is less nobility in human nature, now that our gold is sprinkled with dust, than when it was dashed with blood; but, putting aside this sort of dreaming, there can be little doubt that the world owes much to its princely traders. Montesquieu, in his *Spirit of Laws*, says, "The effect of commerce is riches; the consequence of riches, luxury; and that of luxury, the perfection of the arts." There is no more striking illustration of the truth of the proposition than is shown in the growth of our own city. It has not glorified its merchants, but they have glorified it. In its stately piles of warehouses, and the devotion of wealth to the appliance of trade, it presents features that are entirely modern. The merchant princes of Venice, Marseilles, Tyre, Carthage and Florence built palaces wherein to dwell, but dreamt not of spending their riches upon the buildings in which their goods were

stored. The Manchester merchant rears edifices of stone and marble, richly and curiously carved; gilds his staircases, and places elegant mouldings around his warehouse rooms. This, in most cases, is in exceeding bad taste, and is altogether unwise as an investment of capital; but it exists, nevertheless, as an evidence of almost boundless wealth. In his private life he is equally magnificent, displaying, in many cases, a splendour almost barbaric. If this wealth is wonderful in its extent, it is still more a matter for wonder when we consider the way in which it has been accumulated. Many a merchant who drives through the city's streets in his chariot commenced his career in clogs. As of greatness, so is it of riches; some men are born rich, while others achieve riches. In the majority of cases, the Manchester merchant has acquired his wealth by his own exertions; and it is, therefore, no matter of surprise if we miss that higher culture which should adorn the princely station. Old Wigsby, who is not only a prince, but a magistrate, began his career as porter in the firm of which he is a partner. He is a shrewd, sagacious man, but without the polish or education of a gentleman. Nevertheless, he associates with noble lords, and other like swells; but, in his correspondence with such, never fails to append Esq. to the titles of Viscount, Honourable, or Captain. He talks of "hinvices," and the orthography of his letters is lamentably deficient. He is not a type of his class, but by no means a solitary specimen. He has his reputation of being a snob, and, perhaps, not undeservedly. On the other hand, it is not unusual to meet with a man who has commenced as a clerk and become the financial head of a firm, displaying the qualities that go to make a chancellor of the Exchequer, and who has acquired a polish in manner and a refinement of mind that enable him to move with ease in the best society.

It is scarcely reasonable to suppose that men who have made their fortunes within their own lives, by dint of close application to business, should display many of the higher mental qualities, hence the impression that in matters of art and literature the Manchester Merchant is always a *parvenu*. We have already alluded to the bad taste displayed in our warehouse architecture. There is a belief outside the district that our merchant prince orders the books for his library by the yard, and is particularly gorgeous in the binding thereof, and that he covers his walls with pictures on the same principle. Whether his taste in art be correct or not it is stated, as a fact, that four-fifths of the commissions received by London painters come from this district. Now Lord Bacon tells us that Themistocles, the Athenian, being desired at a feast to touch a lute, replied that "He could not fiddle, but yet he could make a small town a great city." To be able to play upon the lute is a most desirable accomplishment, but it is not always to be found associated with the faculty which enables men to increase the wealth and material comfort of a great city. The mischief, however, is that our merchant prince will sometimes affect to play upon the lute when he is ignorant of the use of that instrument.

Many of the grounds for their charges of vulgarity are passing away with that generation of rough homespun traders who sprang from the lower ranks of the people, and who possessed the strong common sense and shrewdness which is necessary to successful trading, but who lacked the delicacy and refinement of taste which comes by education. Their descendants and successors are more polished men, but, some maintain, are without the strength and stamina of their sires.

But their faults of taste and education are minor ones in comparison to that spirit of selfish indulgence which this growing wealth has fostered. Our Merchant Prince is not always

A selfless man and stainless gentleman.

The curse of Midas, which turns all things to gold, is a double curse when it leads men to forget their social duties in the greed for gain and the selfish enjoyment of it. Time was when the merchant dwelt within the city and took grave interest in the good government of it; dwelt, too, among his servitors like the feudal baron among his retainers. Now, the Merchant Prince withdraws himself from the city, and lives in luxurious ease at a distance, and is bound by no tie, but a mercenary one, to those who have helped to build up his fortunes. He takes no interest in the municipal government of the city, and leaves the office of chief magistrate to be filled by second and third-rate men. He often spends his wealth far away from the place where it was made, and, in these respects, is unworthy of being considered a good citizen. We would gladly see these evils remedied. It is, perhaps, too much to expect a merchant to reside in a smoky city when he can have the benefit of country air, but, at least, he might reside near his place of business; and it would be well if a better understanding existed between master and servant, and a more mutual regard for each other's interest, than such as arises from consideration of "*screw*."

To quote again from Montesquieu, we find "that wherever there is commerce there we meet with agreeable manners." We are not noted, in the north, for any remarkable degree of politeness or high breeding, and, in our keen competition of business, we elbow each other a little too much; but when there is grafted on this magnificent wealth, as the crowned effort of life, gentle manners, refined taste, and philanthropic spirit, the world knows no more chivalrous specimen of humanity than its merchant who, beyond the title of prince, is found to

Bear without rebuke
The grand old name of gentleman,—
Defamed by every charlatan,
And stained with all ignoble use.

OUR SOCIAL SKETCH BOOK.

FLIRTING AND FLIRTS.

FLIRTING in women seems the result of a sixth sense—an evolution out of their own inner unconsciousness—a vital necessity, like air to a bird, water to a fish or a duck—an exquisite and subtle inherent quality, like the perfume in flowers. They take to it naturally, as they take to talking, to dress, to tea, or to novels. There have been exceptional beings—like the Queen of the Amazons, Joan of Arc, Dr. Mary Walker, or Miss Becker—who have been sublimely above it, but they might rather be set down as of an intermediate and neutral sex.

Although so universal, flirting is still an inscrutable thing. It is *par excellence* the "woman's kingdom." It is a debateable land, where the sham-fight skirmishing of love is looked on as a matter of course, and the lances are all blunt, and the rapiers all foils. Shall we call it a jocular playing at lovers—a moment's make-believe of involuntary advances—a temporary assumption of the attitude of a tender relation, ship than mere acquaintance warrants—a quasi-dawn or doubtful time, that is neither the dark of ordinary life, nor the daylight of love? As philosophers say that everything we see is really photographically impressed on the mind, and stowed away, like a negative in a sun-artist's back-closet, where accumulations soon cause its existence to be forgotten; so it may be that a shadow of the outlines—a dim negative—of a genuine *penchant* is always produced by a walk or a talk with a fascinating, or even a pleasing woman. These impressions are of all tones, degrees, and depths, from the almost invisible, to "Ah! nice person that," "rather takes my fancy," and so on, gradually, up to flirtation-liking, love.

It is astonishing with what intuitive ease and grace women practice the science of flirting. They learn to sit their horse gracefully, to leap it over all the little recognised barriers, and to advance even to the hedge beyond which society has posted up the notice "Mantraps," or "Trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law."

Flirts are numerous as the flowers of the forest, and as various. Imperial among them is the Full-dress Flirt—the Victoria Regia of the class. So often has she been portrayed in *London Society*, and the other magazines; so often described in fashionable novels that we will pass on to the Coquettish Flirt without stopping to review her beauties and powers. Coquettishness is a an artless sort of flirting. It is found in *little* women, and in demure, women-like quakeresses or country cousins. It seems a sort of *naive* vanity expressed by a saucy way of setting off a natural pertness or charm, with some piquant ribbon or so, which is sure to attract attention. The Coquettish Flirt is apt to be fantastic, to be shy and yet claim notice, to smile and pout for very slight reasons, to be wayward and yet endearing, to make you laugh and yet to captivate you all the same.

The Jolly Flirt is the best of the whole tribe, and at the same time the most common. So *con amore* does she flirt that you cannot help flirting with her. She means no harm, and she does none. During the flirtation her eyes sparkle and twinkle, her features are lit up with roguish good humour, and a slight sly smile works at the corners of her mouth. She thoroughly enters into the spirit of it and carries you along with her, while somehow you both feel that there is really nothing

but fun in it. Flirting is her way of striking up a new acquaintance. Her affable, yet slightly humorous smile next time you meet, remind you what a pleasant friend you have made. Without the Jolly Flirt balls would be flat, picnics stale, and parties unprofitable. She is the soul and life of them.

The Walk-Home-in-the-Moonlight Flirt is a very dangerous one. She usually has a pale face, delicate features, large lustrous eyes deep with meaning, and soft hair. You get but little from her all evening, except a few intense looks which you cannot make out, yet which somehow stick to you. You see her home. Her little soft, warm-gloved hand is laid shily and confidingly on your arm, and, before you are aware, you are unaccountably in the middle of a rapturous panegyric of Tennyson, and display an acquaintance with the comparative merits of Wordsworth, Longfellow, and Byron, and an inability to quote from them that astonish you. Ever and anon there look up into your face eyes that seem "wells of love and springs of light." You sometimes stop to admire a moonlight effect from a bridge or a hill. And at last you leave her at the garden gate, or paternal mansion door, with a long look and a slight hand-pressure, and turn back to gaze fondly up at bedroom windows. You will have known these flirts do sad execution on Blackpool Pier or Promenade, in a boat on Douglas Bay—"the song and oar of Adria's gondolier by distance, &c.," comes in well then—in town and in country everywhere. Next time you meet her she runs trippingly up and says—"Oh! Mr. Wordsworth (or Mr. Pope as the case may be), do write me something for my album. I am sure you can. You talk so well of poetry you must be a poet yourself." You know well that a man's poetical powers are, as a rule, in inverse ratio to his glib and rapturous critical appreciation. You stammer, you blush, you deprecate—but in vain. Two or three nights do you sit up perspiring at every pore, while you hammer out rhymes at the rate of twelve maledictions to each syllable of verse, and imbibe consoling draughts of bitter beer to drown shame and speed the ideas.

The Audacious Flirt does all the flirting herself. She is often on the top side of five-and-twenty. She will plump herself down on a seat beside you and say you will just suit her. She has a prominent voice which *slaps* on your tympanum, will box your ears before everybody, pinch you, push you, pull you. She upsets prim people's notions, and puts the unhappy acquaintance on whom she operates in a most pitiful dilemma. She is much talked of among her friends, but she does not care, rather liking notoriety than otherwise. We have seen this type occasionally among Scotch girls, whose power of management, or other good qualities, give them a privilege and importance beyond their younger and fairer friends. We have also seen much of it—too much—during Whit-week Excursions. All stage housemaids and "slaveys" belong to this class, and it may occasionally be met with in novels.

The Green-old-age Flirt is very harmless, yet very amusing withal—almost as much so as a Pantaloon in a Pantomime. She is an old maid who has been a belle in her youth, and even now has a clapper that goes for ever. She strives to rejuvenate herself by all the tricks of the toilette, in fact aims at becoming an Old Girl of the Period. Her freaks in the way of "get up" amuse and irritate her friends. She dyes her hair, and possesses a complete *repertoire* of false fronts, curls, and chignons. One morning she throws the breakfast table into an agony of suppressed titters by appearing in a thousand frizzy curls, another by wearing the largest of "bobs," another by showing the genuine, snowy purity of her scanty locks—having lost her dye bottle. Her turbans, wreaths, and dresses are flowery, and of strange, staring colours, and much ingenuity is wasted on the display of cheap, unsuitable fineries, frills, flowers, braids, and borders. She giggles much, is apt to be very confidential of trifles, especially of innocent scandals, and calls the unhappy young gentlemen who are told off to entertain her, "naughty boys." Behind their backs she lauds them as "sweet young men." She may be even lured on to quote Scott, Moore, and Byron, whose first editions delighted her girlhood. In spite, however, of her eccentric and harmless vanity, she is often a good old soul, who means well. If she could only hold her tongue, and not make herself ridiculous, she would be absolutely tolerable.

The Religious Flirt is another dangerous one. She goes to all the services on Sunday, and all the soirées, meetings, and bazaars—where there are young men present—on week days. In the course of a sermon one's eyes are apt to wander, and if they light on a pretty face in a pretty bonnet, fixed sweetly on the preacher, they are sure to return to it again and again. One notices how bewitching all her attitudes are; how earnestly she listens to the text and the exposition; how sweetly she sings; and one gets to look out for her. She gives her favourite admirers due glances, due full faces, due profiles. She is great at church-decoration, and is in her glory if there be several nice young men to assist in festooning the church and mottoing it. If she has money, the curate marries her, if not, he merely carries flirting to its furthest. But the pretty flirts of this class are the minority whose power is assured. The larger portion have to "make the fighting." They attend all Sunday school, choir, and church meetings, especially soirées, and get taken home always. They will assist at anything, from dorcases and bazaars to playing the organ and collecting for missions. Their opportunities for flirting are thus innumerable, and they take every advantage. The only thing to object to is that they are very touchy if teased.

The Blue-stocking Flirt defeats her own object by the means she adopts to attain it. She attends conversaziones and literary soirées, and adores pictures, fossils, beetles, books, sketches, and models. She will bore you with disquisitions on mega theria and Darwin's theory, while she captivates you with her lips, her figure, and her eyes. The act of putting on spectacles calls forth a thousand graces and piquancies. It is a sight to be remembered for a life-time to see her and a gallant professor flirt away a quarter of an hour over a dried plant. Their mutual smiles and courtesy are inimitable. Luckily, for the comfort of men, this genus of flirts is limited, or science would fly their presence and seek an asylum from their distracting boredom on a more congenial shore for their proclivities by brothers and cousins. And it seems to us too bad to expect that, when they are married, they should have as much time to devote to church-concerns as when they were single.

All observers of society are well acquainted with the Widow Flirt. She is privileged, nay, expected, to flirt more openly than others. A touch of melancholy and a plain puritanism of dress enhance natural charms, and are dangerously captivating. Imagination was that it dare not trust itself to give a description of her arts and graces, but with fear and trembling passes on—rejoiced if it escape. Married Flirts there are who would be shocked at the thought of flirting, but who, nevertheless, are true to woman's nature, and do flirt, often with more assurance than the single ones. Married ladies, however, as a rule, take to a mania for match-making as a substitute on which to expend their energies.

OVER THE WAY.

Sitting alone there, pensively still,
With two round arms on the window-sill,
Over the way;
And the prettiest mouth and fairest brow,—
What is that dimpled maid thinking of now?

There was a quarrel last night I ween,
And the hot knight went away from his queen,
And left her sadly to ponder to-day,
The petulant things she'd like to unsay,
Over the way.

Or is my guess wrong? Is the quiet stream
Of her thoughts but gliding off in a dream,
Of a love to her as yet unknown?
Of one to come to her, sitting alone,
To come and gaze down in her tender eyes,
And give rest and peace to her yearning sighs?

'Tis a shame that so fair a maid should wait,
Over the way;
Shall I step across and ask her to mate,
Over the way?
Shall I ask her to share—Oh, maid unkind!
She's pulled down the blind, she's pulled down the blind.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

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GREAT SALE BEGAN ON TUESDAY, AND WILL BE CONTINUED DAILY,

COMMENCING AT TEN A.M.

The present premises having become too small for a fast and largely increasing trade, T. P. intends to make extensive alterations in February, to facilitate which he intends placing his beautiful Stock, which for magnitude stands unapproachable, at such prices that will be remarkable. Every article will have its original mark (which is always in plain figures) as well as the reduced price, which will be in red ink, which it is hoped will facilitate sales.

T. P. having had 32 years' experience in the Underclothing Manufactures, will be a guarantee for goods worthy of the pre-eminence to which his establishment has attained.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Long Night Dresses, in dozens, half dozens, or singly, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6½d., to 8s. 6d
Ditto, with frills, 2s. 4½d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., to 12s.
Ditto, insertion, 2s. 6½d., 2s 11d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Ditto, needle work, 2s 11½d , 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to 60s. each. French and English Designs.

LADIES' CHEMISES.

Plain, 1s. 1½d., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to 5s.
Frills, 1s. 3½d., 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., to 6s. 9d.
Needle Scollop, 1s. 10½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 9d., to 8s. 6d.
Fancy Stomacher Fronts, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 30s., to 50s.

LADIES' CALICO AND TWILL BODIES.

Plain. 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 10½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
Trimmed, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.

CAMESOLS.

Mull Muslin, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Fancy Fronts, 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 9s. 6., 11s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 50s.

LADIES' DRAWERS.

Plain and Hem, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
Two Tucks, 1s. 2d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., to 2s 6d.
Ten Tucks, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11d., 2s 6d., to 5s.
Needle Scollop, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 17s. 6d., 21s. to 25s.
Insertion, 1s. 6½d , 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., to 25s.

LADIES' LONGCLOTH PETTICOATS.

With Tucks, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d
With Insertion, 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 6s., 8s. 6d., to 60s
With Flowerings, &c., 4s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 90s.
With Frill, 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., to 45s.

FLANNEL PETTICOATS.

Lancashire, 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 10s. 6d.
Saxony, 6s. 11d., 9s. 11d., 12s., 15s., to 42s.
Coloured Ditto. 5s. 11d , 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 16s. 6d , to 36s
Silk, Satin, Eider Down, Arctic, and a great variety of Fancy Skirts, at nominal prices.

LADIES' NIGHT CAPS.

		s. d.
Several Hundred French Manufacture		0 4½
Ditto	ditto	0 6½
Ditto	London	0 8½
Ditto	London, with needlework..	0 9½
Ditto		1 0
Ditto		1 3
Ditto		1 6 to 2 6
Ditto, Glasgow		2 6 to 12 6
Ditto, Alexandra		10½

Great Variety of Sleeping Nets.

LADIES' DRESSING GOWNS.

Printed Cambrics, 3s. 11½d , 4s. 11d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., to 25s.
Ditto Flannel. 10s. 11d., 15s , 21s., 30s., to 45s.
Ditto Cashmere, 50s., 60s., 80s., to 140s.
White Muslin, 14s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 25s., to 50s.

TOILET.

Flannel Jackets, 7s. 11d., 9s. 11d , to 18s. 11d.
Muslin ditto, 3s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 8s. 11d., 15s., to 30s.
Printed Cambric ditto, 2s. 11d., to 7s. 6d.

LADIES' FLANNEL, MERINO DRAWERS, &c.

White and Scarlet Saxony Drawers	5s. 11d.	to	14s. 6d
Welsh Flannel	6s. 11d.	to	9s. 11d.
Swan Down	4s 6d	to	8s. 6d
Twill	1s 11½d.	to	7s. 6d.
Merino	4s. 6d.	to	8s. 6d.
Lambs Wool	4s. 6d.	to	8s. 6d.

SINGLETS.

Flannel	3s. 9d.	to	7s. 6d.
Merino Vests	1s. 9d.	to	8s. 6d.
Lambs Wool	2s. 6d.	to	8s. 6d.
Merino Vests and Drawers Complete	8s. 11d.	to	15s.

LADIES' HOSE.

Thread, German make, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Ditto, English ditto, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
Silk, 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 16s. 6d.
Cotton, 6½d., 8½d., 11½d , to 3s. 6d.
Merino, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 5s.
Lambs Wool, 1s., 1s. 6d , 2s., to 4s. 6d.
These are from the most celebrated Makers.

BABY LINEN.

Infant Shirts, 3½d., 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 8½d., 10d., 11½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s , 2s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Cotton Binders, 4½d., 6d., 8d., 10d., 1s., to 2s.
Flannel, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Flannel Barrows, 1s. 9d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s , 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., to 25s.
Long Petticoats, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d , 10s., to 15s.
Night Caps, 4d., 6d., 7½d., 10½d., to 5s.
French Cambric Caps, 1s. 6d , 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., to 15s.
Hair Cord Gowns, 1s 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d.
Calico Night Gowns, 10½d., 1s 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Monthly Robes, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., 17s. 11d., 21s , to £6 10s. each.

INFANT CHRISTENING DEPARTMENT.

CHRISTENING ROBES. 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d , 7s. 6d., 9s. 11d., 15s., 25s., 30s , 40s., 50s., to 160s.
FRENCH MERINO CLOAKS, braided, quilted, and trimmed. all of great beauty, 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s., 18s. 6d., 21s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 60s., 90s., to 170s.
BEAUTIFUL HOODS and HATS, in CASHMERE. silk velvet and felt. 1s. 4½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d , 5s., 7s. 6d , 10s . 12s 6d , 15s., to 30s.
SILK and VELVET BONNETS, 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s. 6d , 8s 6d., 10s. 6d , to 15s
90 Dozen White Brussells and other Falls, 4½d., to 21s.
Quilted Bibs, 3d., 4d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 6s. 6d.

SHORT CLOTHES.

Round Shirts, 5½d., 6½d., 7d., to 8½d., 10½d., 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s. 6d.
Stays 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 2s 11d.
Calico Petticoats, 10½d., 1s , 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Flannel ditto, 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

Chemise, Banded, 10½d., 1s., 1s 6d., 2s., to 5s.
Ditto, Fancy Fronts, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s , to 15s.
Tucked Petticoats, 1s 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s 6d., to 15s.
Flannel ditto, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s 6d., to 8s. 6d., to 18s
Drawers, 10½d., 1s , 1s. 3d., 1s. 11d., to 10s. 6d.

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

Day Shirts, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s 6d.
Night ditto, 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., to 5s.
Linen Collars, 3½d. 5½d., to 7½d.
Ties, Pocket Handkerchiefs, &c., all largely reduced.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

20 dozen Shirts, size 15½, 2s. 6d., worth 3s. 11d.
Plain and Fancy Shirts, to 10s. 6d.
Linen Inserting and other Fronts, 5½d. to 10s. 6d.
Fancy Ties, at nominal prices.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.

Lancashire, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
Welsh, 1s. 6d , 2s. 6d.
Imitation, 10½d , 1s., 1s. 4d.
Saxony, 10½d , 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., to 8s.

CALICO DEPARTMENT.

200 Pieces 36-inch Longcloth		3½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	3½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	5d.
70 Pieces	ditto	5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces Twill	ditto	6½d.

32-inch Longcloth in proportion.

CALICO DEPARTMENT—*Continued.*

50 Pieces Haircord Muslin		5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
5 Pieces Fancy Satin Stripe		8½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.

Soft Cords, 1s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.

50 Pieces ⅞ Linen Lawns		8½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
20 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
20 Pieces	ditto	1s. 11d. to 3s.
50 Pieces Nainsook		4½d.
40 Pieces ditto		6½d.
40 Pieces ditto		8½d.
10 Pieces ditto		1s.
10 Pieces ditto		1s. 4d.
10 Pieces ditto		1s. 6d.
10 Pieces ditto		1s. 10d.
15 Pieces ditto, various, to		3s.
10 Pieces Nursery Diapers		4½d.
10 Pieces ditto		5½d.
10 Pieces ditto		7½d.
5 Pieces ditto		8½d.
5 Pieces ditto		10½d.
5 Pieces ditto		1s.
5 Pieces ditto		1s. 4d.
Napkins ready for use		..7s 11d. to 21s. doz.
10 Dozen Towels		5½d.
10 Dozen ditto		7½d.
10 Dozen ditto		10½d.
5 Pieces Bird-eye Diapers		1s.
5 Pieces ditto		1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto		1s. 6d.
5 Pieces ditto		2s.
5 Pieces ditto		2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.

FANCY DEPARTMENT.

Several Hundred Yards Real Thread Edge, 3d., 4½d., 5½d., 6½d , 8½d , and 10½d
Several Hundred Yards Lace, 4½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 5s. 6d.
Several Hundred Yards Real Valenciennes, 5½d., 6½d., 7½d.. 8½d.. to 2s. 6d.
Real Maltese Collars 11½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto, Cluny, 7½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto ditto, 10½d., worth 1s 9d.
Real Coifs, real Berthas, real Handkerchiefs, &c., very much reduced.
Honiton Collars, Berthas, Laces. price will astonish.
Several hundred pounds' worth of Imitation Cluny Laces, at nominal prices.
Black Falls, Pellerines, Jackets, Berthas, &c.

SEWED MUSLINS.

18 Dozen Muslin Tie Handkerchiefs ..... 8½d.
50 Dozen Muslin Ties ..... 9½d.
A very large Assortment of Garibaldi Jackets from 1s. to 25s. Purchased very cheap.
About 15 Dozens Muslin Chemisettes, nicely worked, 11½d. to 15s. Bodices, Muslin Crossovers, all new this season.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

40 Dozen	11½d.	half-dozen.
50 Dozen	1s. 2½d.	,,
50 Dozen	1s. 4½d.	,,
50 Dozen	1s. 6½d.	,,
50 Dozen	1s. 9d.	,,
50 Dozen	2s.	,,
and so on to	9s.	,,

Ready hemmed .. 1s. 1½d. to 9s. ,,
Hem stitched ..... 4½d. to 5s each.
Sewed Edgings, Scollops, and Insertions, amounting to upwards of £2 000

The proprietor finds that he must bring this advertisement to a close, there being enough in this wonderful stock to fill all the columns of a newspaper. Other particulars will be given during the progress of this sale.

WISE SAWS.

[FROM COWPER.]

One act, that from a thankful heart proceeds,
Excels ten thousand mercenary deeds.

He has no hope, who never had a fear.

Pleasures is deaf when told of future pain.

LEARNING itself, receiv'd into a mind
By nature weak or viciously inclined,
Serves but to lead philosphers astray,
Where children would with ease discern the way.

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain.

None sends his arrow to the mark in view,
Whose hand is feeble or his aim untrue.

A SOCIAL REVOLUTIONIST.

IN Mr. Arthur Helps's latest book, *Realmah*, one of the characters in the conversational portions, Sir John Ellesmere, cynic and lawyer, is asked how he would employ himself if his life were lengthened to 900 years? He replies—

Ellesmere—In the first place, I would abolish the penny post.

Milverton—That we knew before.

Ellesmere—In the next place, I would disinvent telegraphic communication.

Milverton—Good. That we knew, too.

Ellesmere—I should abolish bells. I mean out-of-door bells. I never met with any sensible person who liked these noises.

Milverton — True; but really, Ellesmere, what small things you are proposing.

Ellesmere — Well, I will come to much greater, then. I would set my face against the growth of great cities. People laugh at James the First, and think him a pedant and a fool; but I have always thought him very wise in his strong objection to the increase of London. If you allow cities to increase in this way, you ultimately get them so big that it is impossible to have fresh air. I am as serious as I ever was in my life, when I say that the perpetual and rapid increase of London is a grief to me.

Milverton—I quite agree with you.

Ellesmere—Well, then, I would build a house—a model house. I really think that a great many of the evils that afflict mankind are to be traced to the badness of habitations. I do not bother myself with what your sanitary reformers say about things; but I can see that nine-tenths of your difficulties would vanish if good houses and cottages were built.

Cranmer—But what do you mean by a good house?

Ellesmere—Well, if you must know, I mean, in the first place, a washable house—washable thoroughly, inside and outside. Building, as I should, for 800 years, I should resolve to be free from paperers and painters and plasterers, and, in short, from repairers of all kinds.

Sir Arthur—But, Ellesmere, as Milverton says, you have hitherto mentioned such trivial things—mere mint and cummin.

Ellesmere—I would reform dress. Is that a small thing? Again, I would establish recreation—such recreation as has never hitherto been thought of. There should be no town, however small, which should not have its appointed place for recreation—for indoor and out-of-door recreations. In every town—yes, almost in every village—there is musical talent enough to form the delight of the population if it were well developed.

Milverton—I really think that Ellesmere is upon the right tack now.

Ellesmere—I would also provide medical aid and service for almost every centre of population, however small.

Cranmer—Would you abolish lawyers?

Ellesmere—That is a very painful question; but I think I would. In the course of 800 years, using the legal talents of each generation, I should be able to arrange and codify the law; and then I would only have public notaries.

Sir Arthur—What about war?

Ellesmere—Here I should shine. Here would come in that practical good sense of which I possess so large a share. We are such a set of foolish, quarrelsome little beasts, and we derive so much pleasure from hearing about sieges and battles, and knowing of the miseries of our fellow-creatures, that I should not endeavour to abolish war altogether. But what I should do is this. I should reduce the European armies in the following proportion. I should allow them one man for each thousand that they now possess. France, for instance, should have 700 soldiers; Austria, about the same number; Prussia, 600; England, 450; Russia, 800; and the United States, 900. The great naval Powers should be allowed a ship apiece, and one or two gunboats. These little armies and navies should go about fighting away like fun, and undertaking what would then be thought great battles and sieges. The newspapers would still be well fed with interesting events; and taxation for war purposes would be insignificant. I should have, outside the great cities, little model cities, which should represent them for warlike purposes—a neat little Paris outside Paris; and I should scatter some squalidity in the way of building about Wimbledon Common, and call it in military despatches, London. Again, another reform I should institute of the utmost magnitude is this—I should abolish after-dinner speeches.

Sir Arthur—The world would be grateful to you for that.

Ellesmere—Then I should bring my enormous power and experience to bear upon all literature. I should reduce three-volume novels to one.

Cranmer—But about the newspaper press? What should you do with that?

Ellesmere—For the sake of freedom, I should allow one article in each newspaper to be published without signature. To all the others I should require signature. I should make the newspapers into an octavo shape, with the leaves cut.

Johnson—What about the Church?

Ellesmere—I should forbid any one to preach a sermon more than once in three weeks. I would make sermons, instead of being nuisances, things to which the congregation would look forward with expectation, and listen with delight. Then as to home government: I would abolish bribery and suppress bores in the House of Commons. A man should prove to me that he knew something about government before he should govern; and not even Milverton himself, with all his schemes should educe a more comprehensive form of official government than I, in my 800 years, would strive to create. You do not think I would have a Lord Privy Seal, do you, when the Privy Seal had ceased to be an entity of any importance?

Cranmer—What about the House of Lords?

Ellesmere—I would certainly make my House of Lords a senate consisting of the wisest and ablest men who had filled public functions, and also consisting of those men who, from their education, their health—or rather, their want of health—and their peculiar nature, were not especially fit to solicit popular suffrages, but were justly fitted to become members of a legislative assembly.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Milverton—But what about us?

Ellesmere—My dear Blanche, I should devote thirty solid years to your improvement; and, in the course of those thirty years, I should institute two such great reforms in your nature, that I should make you all both perfectly loveable and perfectly lovely. I should make each woman not to be afraid of all other women. They are to fear us, and not their own sex—consequently a woman should not be ashamed of going out five times following to parties in the same dress, if the dress were becoming, and pleased her husband, her brother, or her lover.

Lady Ellesmere—The second great reform?

Ellesmere—I should develop vanity amongst women—personal vanity—which seems now to be so dead amongst them. Each woman sacrifices her own personal appearance to the conceits of fashion—whereas, when I had properly developed every woman's personal vanity, she would only think how she could dress herself in the manner that would be most becoming to her. At present they are all sadly deficient in a care for their own especial beauties.

Mrs. Milverton—There is a great deal of truth in what Sir John says.

Ellesmere—I believe there is, but I have yet a great deal more to say. I would make everything in the way of festivity shorter and earlier. Balls should begin at eight o'clock in the winter, and nine in the summer. Dinners should never last more than two hours, concerts be abridged by one hour. There should never be performed more than one play at a time. As for evening parties, unless they are very much improved in the course of these 900 years, I shall abolish them altogether.

THE EDITOR OF THE QUARTERLY.

THE present Mr. Murray, in filling up the important vacancy left by the death of the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, did what was quite in harmony with the altered circumstances of the time. Instead of bestowing the appointment on a keen political partisan like Gifford, or a man identified with anti-Whiggery like Lockhart, he made the Rev. Whitwell Elwin (a literary clergyman) the new editor of the *Quarterly*. Mr. Elwin was bequeathed, as it were, to Mr. Murray by Lockhart, who had tested and proved the literary and scientific accomplishments of the reverend gentleman, and been indebted to him for aid for some time before his own retirement. For many years previously, the contributors to the *Quarterly* had ceased to belong to any exclusive political connection. The same number would contain, with papers by Lockhart and Croker, contributions from the Liberal Monckton Milnes or the ultra-Liberal Kinglake, and from the ultra-Radical Gisborne and Greg. Report speaks of at least one paper contributed to the *Quarterly*, under Lockhart's later editorship, not only by the late Mr. Justice Talfourd, but by Lord Brougham himself, one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, the Whig Lord Chancellor of Reform days. Under the new editorship the personal influence of the proprietor, as a suggester of topics for treatment, it is understood, has been somewhat more actively exercised than was likely to be the case with a man of Mr. Lockhart's literary *status* and long experience. In his general control, however, Mr. Elwin is despotic. As an editor in the strict sense of the word—a "giver out" of matter supplied by others—Mr. Elwin, we believe, is without a rival. He has the singular gift of so treating an article, the merit of which lies less in its style than in its facts and opinions, that

the original contributor, while finding scarcely a passage left as he had written it, will recognise every statement and reflection of the slightest importance surviving the editorial manipulation, and appearing in a form and order much superior to those in which he first presented them. In addition to this, it is partly to Mr. Elwin's own pen, partly to his editorial direction of others, that the reading public owes the excellent series of papers on standard English authors which during the last few years (in the absence of new Scotts and Byrons to criticise) have graced the pages of the *Quarterly*. Some of these have been owned by Mr. John Forster, who has reprinted them in a collective edition of his essays published a year or two ago by Mr. John Murray. His essays bear on their titlepage the avowal which would have roused the astonishment and indignation of William Gifford and Francis Jeffrey, namely, that they are reprinted "from the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*." In religious matters, the *Quarterly* adheres to a rigorous orthodoxy. The new Oxford school of "liberal" tendencies, which has succeeded to that of Tract No. 90, finds no favour in the eyes of the *Quarterly*.

THE HIGH DEATH-RATE AND ITS CAUSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.]

SIR,—The death-rate of the city of Manchester has reached such an alarmingly high pitch that the medical faculty appear to be utterly unable to account for the excess over other large boroughs presenting less favourable external appearances. The streets are wider and more symmetrically built than in the majority of provincial towns, thereby affording a larger area of air passages; but this advantage is more than counterbalanced by the deadly effects of the ashpit system, from which source the fever pest is being constantly evolved; yet the interests of capital forbid its being meddled with. Fevers become epidemic, but they arise from local causes, and the poison is easily scattered over entire districts. There is, also, an ever present and deadly plague arising from our ill-constructed and worse ventilated factories and workshops. Sallow-looking, cadaverous consumptives and crippled rheumatics abound in our midst, and so long as flesh and blood can be found to replace the emaciated and worn-out human machine, there is no help. Employers are deaf and callous so long as the law fails to reach them. Confined spaces are crammed with human beings, who are exposed to the pernicious exhalations of flaring gaslights, pestilent breaths and sickening odours of the body. Such is unquestionably the case in great numbers of our workshops, and even large printing establishments, where the midnight temperature is equal to, and frequently exceeds, the depressing heat of a vertical midsummer sun. If the recently-appointed officer of health could be induced to visit such places, his statistics would reveal some of the prominent causes of the high death-rate. It has been found necessary to place coal mines under government inspection in order to minimise the dangers by which the miner is surrounded. Why not extend the Act for the benefit of artisans generally? A manufacturer may be fined if his chimney stack trespasses against municipal bye-laws, by emitting a superfluous discharge of black smoke. Why not compel him to render the interior of his manufactory healthy by means of approved ventilation and a sufficiency of air-space to each workman? Until the law takes cognisance of the condition of our workshops there will be a preponderance of lung, throat, and similarly fatal diseases. The sick statistics of some of our large establishments sufficiently verify these statements.

I am, sir, very obediently yours,—ANXIETY.

GLADSTONE AND LOWE.

IN the new number of the *Fortnightly Review* there is an article which, under the guise of a fragment of history, is evidently meant for a bit of satire upon two personages who are as yet only on the way to being historic. "Necker and Calonne, an Old Story," is really a new story, in eight pages, about two English statesmen.

"Calonne (says Professor Beesly) was a man absolutely free from all prejudice or predilection in politics. His ambition was not of a lofty kind. It amounted merely to a determination to get to the top of the tree, to be looked up to by good society, to have the power of dispensing favours and distinctions among personages of a more exalted rank than himself; and he had no objection to govern well if it conduced to that result. . . . Calonne cared little for the approbation of anyone so long as he could sit in high places. . . . The device of an assembly of Notables seemed to him peculiarly happy. It was old. It was new. It was startling. It was safe. He could leer with one eye at the ardent champions of Reform, while with the other he winked at the alarmed defenders of privilege."

And so on. Necker was a much better sort of man. But—

"His intellect, not being under the control of a strong and simple character, embarrassed him by its very acuteness. Clear-sighted in details, hazy in his conception of general principles, he was eager to strike at this or that abuse; but he shrank with nervous dread from anything like systematic coherent thought in politics. 'Chez Necker,' says M. Henri Martin, 'la protestation en faveur des prolétaires reste à l'état de sentiment.' In a word, it was soft stuff."

The great financier, too, wrote a *Cours de Morale Religieuse*—just, by the way, as a great financier in our time has written a commentary on *Ecce Homo*. The episode ends with significant abruptness, when Necker "came into power with every qualification for governing, except a strong character and some knowledge of his own intentions."

ERRATA.

In the paper on St. Peter's Church last week, page 227, col. 1, near the bottom, for "we do him (the curate) an injustice," read "we do him no injustice," &c. Also, for "no white stolid choristers" read "no white stoled (or rather surpliced) choristers." In the article on the Botanical Gardens (*Sphinx*, No. 28), instead of "to which the public were admitted by payment of a shilling on the introduction of a subscriber," read "to which the public were admitted by payment of a shilling or the introduction of a subscriber."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

BACK NUMBERS of the *Sphinx* may be obtained on application to the Publisher, by order from any Bookseller and Newsagent, or at the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to THE MANAGER, 14, Market-place Manchester.

SALES BY AUCTION.

To the Gentry, Private Consumers, Wine and Spirit Merchants, and others.

MESSRS. T. M. FISHER, SONS, and SMITH, have been instructed to SELL BY AUCTION (to cover advances), on Thursday, February 25th, at the Royal Exchange Rooms, commencing at 12 o'clock at noon prompt, a Quantity of Wines & Spirits, consisting of Champagnes, Ports, Sherries, Clarets, Burgundies, Brandies, Whiskies, Rums, Gins, &c.—Catalogues will be ready in a few days.
16, Tib Lane.

ON FRIDAY NEXT.

Sale of the Library of Books, including Valuable Works in the various European Languages, some Fine Illustrated French Books and a Few Scarce English Works, the property of the late Mr. L. A. J. Mordacque, professor of French.

CAPES & DUNN have received instructions to SELL BY AUCTION, on Friday next, February 19, at eleven o'clock prompt, at their Gallery, Clarence-street, the Library of BOOKS.—May be viewed the day preceding the sale, when catalogues can be had at the Gallery, or earlier on application at the Auctioneer's offices, 8, Clarence-street, Albert Square.

Important Sale of Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c.

MR. D. ALONZO MORRIS has received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, on Tuesday, the 16th of February, 1869, and following days, commencing each day at 11 oclock, prompt, at No. 87, Market-street, Manchester, the whole of the valuable and extensive Stock from a STATIONERY BUSINESS and Fancy Repository, which has been removed to the above place for convenience of sale, comprising coloured and plain photographs, stereoscopes, revolving ditto, stereoscopic slides, cartes, albums to hold from 20 to 200 portraits, dressing-cases, wood and leather work boxes, writing desks, inkstands, portfolios, courier bags, satchells, Mordan's gold, silver, and ivory pencil-cases, gold and silver watches, chains, rings, garnet rings, timepieces, opera glasses, backgammon boards, chessmen, tea caddies, a large stock of books, handsomely bound and illustrated works for the table, 20 vols. of *Punch* complete, general books, Church, Congregational, Wesleyan and other hymn books, copying press and stand, stamping presses, relief, envelope, and embossing presses; photographic head rests, a quantity of plain cards in packets, also a great weight of white paper for shop use, together with many other articles.

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